AB AND RINGAN.

A TALE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

rses, occasioned by seeing two men sawing Timber, in the open field, in defiance of a furious storm.

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RAB AND RINGAN.

A TALE.

INTRODUCTION.

Hech! but 'tis awfu' like to rise up here,
Where sic a sight o' learn'd folks' pows appe
Sae mony peircing een a' fix'd on ane,
Is maist enough to freese me to a stane!
But 'tis a mercy—mony thanks to fate,
Pedlarsare poor, but unco seldom hlate-

(Speaking to the President.)

is question, Sir, has been right weel disputed
meikle, weel-a-wat's been said about it;
s, that precisely to the point can speak,
gallop o'er lang blauds of kittle Greek,
sent frae ilka side their sharpe opinion,
peel'd it up as ane wad peel an ingon*.

vinna plague you lang wi' my poor spale,
nly crave your patience to a Tale:
hich ye'll ken on whatna side I'm stinnin',
perceive your hindmost minute's rinnin'.

THE TALE.

e liv'd in Fife, an auld, stout, warldly chiel,
's stomach kend nae fare but milk and meal;
fe he had, I think they ca'd her Bell,
twa big sons, amaist as heigh's himsel,
was a gleg, smart cock, with powdered pa-
an, a slow, fear'd, bashfu', simple hash,

*The question had been spoken upon both sides before this
ited, which was the last opinion given on the debate.

Baith to the college gaed. At first spruce
At Greek and Latin, grew a very dab :
He beat a' round about him, fair and clean
And ilk ane courted him to be their frien' ;
Frae house to house they harl'd him to dinn
But cnrs'd poor Ringan for a hum-drum sir

Rab talked now in sic a lofty strain,
As tho' braid Scotland had been a' his ain
He ca'd the Kirk the Church, the yirth the G
And chang'd his name, forsooth, frae Rab to
Whare'er ye met him, flourishing his rung,
The haill discourse was murder'd wi' his ton
On friends and faes wi' impudence he set,
And ramm'd his nose in ev'ry thing he me

The college now to Rab, grew douf and
He scorn'd wi' books stupify his skull ;
But whirl'd to Plays and Balls and sic like pl
And roar'd awa' at Fairs and Kintra Races
Sent hame for siller frae his mother Bell,
And caft a horse, and rade a race himsel' ;
Drank night and day, and syne, when mortal
Row'd on the floor, and snor'd like ony so

st a' his siller wi some gambling sparks,
d pawn'd for punch his Bible and his sarks;
ll, driven at last to own he had enough,
ed hame a' rags to haud his father's pleugh.

Poor hum-drum Ringan play'd anither part,
r Ringan wanted neither wit nor art:
f mony a far aff place he kent the gate;
as deep, deep learned, but unco, unco blte.
e kend how mony mile 'twas to the moon,
ow mony rake wad lave the ocean toom;
here a' the swallows gaed in time o' snaw,
hat gars the thunders roar and tempests blaw;
here lumps o' siller grow aueath the grun;
ow a' this yirth rows round about the sun;
n short, on books sae meikle time he spent,
e cou'dna speak o' aught but ringan kent.

Sae meikle learning wi' see little pride,
oon gain'd the love o' a' the kintra side;
And Death, at that time, happ'ning to nip aff
The pairish Minister—a poor dull ca'f,
Ringan was sought he cou'dna' say them nay,
And there he's preaching at this very day.

MORAL.

Now, Mr. President, I think 'tis plain,
That youthfu' diffidence is certain gain.
Instead of blocking up the road to knowledge,
It guides alike, in Commerce or at College;
Struggles the bursts of passion to controul,
Feeds all the finer feelings of the soul;
Defies the deep laid stratageme of guile,
And gives each innocence a sweeter smile;
Enobles all the little worth we have,
And shields our virtue even to the grave.

How vast the diff'rence then, between the twain!
Since pleasure ever is pursu'd by pain.
Pleasure's a Syren, with inviting arms,
Sweet is her voice, and powerful are her charms;
Lur'd by her call, we tread her flow'ry ground,
Joy wings our steps, and music warbles round;
Lull'd in her arms, we lose the flying hours,
And lie embosom'd 'midst her blooming bow'rs,
Till—arm'd with death, she watches our undoing
Stabs, while she sings, and triumphs in our ruin.

VERSES,

casioned by seeing two men sawing timber, in the open field, in defiance of a furious storm.

y friends, for G—dsake! quat your wark,
or think to war a wind sae stark;
our Saw-pit stoops, like wands, are shaking,
he very planks and deals are quaking;
e're tempting Providence, I swear,
o raise your graith sae madly here.
ow, now ye're gone!—Anither blast
ike that, and a' your sawing's past!
ome down, ye Sinner! grip the Saw
ike death, or, troth, ye'll be awa'.
a, na, ye'll saw, tho' hail and sleet
reathe owre your breast, and freeze your feet.
ear how it roars, and rings the bells;
he Carts are tum'ling round themsel's;
he tile and thack, and turf up-whirls;
ee yon brick lum!—down, down it hurls
ut wha's yon staggering owre the brae,
eneath a lade o' bottl'd strae;
e whe he will, poor luckless b—h!
is strae and him's baith in the ditch.

The sclates are hurling down in hun'ers,
Thc dadding door and winnock thun'ers,
But, ho! my hat my hat's awa'!
L—d help's! the Sawpit's down and a'!
Rax me your hand—hech! how he granes,
I fear your legs are broken banes.
I tauld you this; but, dei'l mak' matter!
Ye thought it a' but idle clatter;
Now, see! ye misbelieving sinners!
Your bloody shins— your Saw in flinners;
And round about yaur lugs the ruin,
That your demented folly drew on.

Experience ne'er sae sicker tells us,
As when she lifts her rung and fells us.

FINIS.